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And Sore Lungs Were Overcome by Vinol—Mr. Hillman's Statement of Facts Follows:

Camden, N. J.—"I had a deep seated cough, a run-down system and my lungs were awfully weak and sore. I am an electrician by occupation and my cough kept me awake nights so I thought at times I would have to give up. I tried everything everybody suggested, and had taken so much medicine I was disgusted.

"One evening I read about Vinol and decided to give it a trial. Soon I noticed an improvement. I kept on taking it and today I am a well man. The soreness is all gone from my lungs, I do not have any cough and have gained fifteen pounds in weight and I am telling my friends that Vinol did it."—FRANK HILLMAN, Camden, N. J.

It is the curative, tissue-building influence of cod liver oil, aided by the blood-making, strength creating properties of tonic iron, contained in Vinol, that made it so successful in Mr. Hillman's case. We ask every person in this vicinity suffering from weak lungs, chronic coughs, or a run-down condition of the system to try a bottle of Vinol on our guarantee to return your money if it fails to help you.

St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated
Drug Department.

Information Wanted.
The Helms—Oh, papa, the earl has proposed! Papa Rigwadd—H'm! What's his proposition?—Puck.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE GENTLEMAN COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The "Gentleman Corporal"

By M. QUAD

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They were going to make a ride to the foothills and back—Captain Cline and the colonel's daughter. That meant a gallop of thirty miles.

"Not an Indian has been seen this side of the range for four months," said the captain as he talked over the proposed ride with the colonel, "and the trip is perfectly safe. I will detail an escort from my own company, but it will be only for appearance sake."

"Yes, it will be safe, and May will enjoy the gallop," said the colonel, and no more was said about it.

At sunrise all were ready to set forth. As the girl stood on the veranda waiting for her horse six of the men of A troop came riding up under command of Corporal Haynes. They halted thirty feet away, and as she looked them over she gave a start of surprise, and a flush overspread her face. Next moment her cheeks went white, and she gasped as if choked for breath. The corporal's hand slowly lifted, and his head was uncovered for an instant, and Private Harkins whispered to Private O'Brien:

"And did you see that, Jim? By smoke, if our corporal and the colonel's daughter haven't met before then I don't know a jack rabbit from a long drink of whisky!"

"And the corporal isn't a bit easy in his mind," added the other.

It all took place in a minute, and then Captain Cline rode up, followed by the girl's horse.

The two riders went galloping away, followed at a distance of 100 yards by the escort. Now and then the pace was slackened down a bit to breathe the horses, but no halt was made until the Devil's basin was reached. The escort halted forty yards from the riders, and the men sat about on the rocks. Meanwhile Corporal Haynes climbed to the top of a great bowlder and surveyed the country about with his keen eyes. It was three-quarters of an hour before he came down and said:

"Men, see to your arms and lie close. I'm going up to report to the captain."

"Did I call you?" he harshly asked as the corporal came to a halt and saluted.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I thought it best to tell you that I have made out Indians beyond the basin to the north."

"It's all nonsense."

"But there are Indians skulking about, sir," persisted the corporal.

"Go back to your men!" was the sudden reply.

When he had reached the troopers he quietly said:

"Men, I have been up to the captain to report that there is a band of at least fifty Indians skulking down this way from Red Bird pass. They have seen us, and they are after us. We've got good cover, and we can stand 'em off for the day."

"But when night comes?" asked one of the men, though without a tremor in his tones.

"Get quietly ready," was the reply. Meanwhile there was an argument between the captain and the colonel's daughter. He sought to assure her that nothing had been seen and that there was not the slightest danger; but, to his annoyance, she persisted in believing that there must be good grounds for the corporal's report. This annoyance made him delay matters, and nearly half an hour had passed, and it was very much against the grain when he shouted for the soldier to approach and sneeringly added:

"Well, corporal, isn't it about time your Indians showed up?"

"We shall hear from them in ten minutes," was the reply, "but if we mounted now and rode fast we would find the way open," said the corporal, with downcast eyes.

"Back, you impudent vagabond!" thundered the captain with outstretched arms. "I'll break you for this the minute we get back!"

The corporal turned his gaze on the girl for a few fleeting seconds; then his head and shoulders dropped in a helpless way, and he saluted his officer and retired.

Bang, bang, bang, went the carbines of the troopers, and the corporal came running up the hill to seize and drag the officer under shelter and to say to the girl:

"You must crouch down here and remain quiet. They can't get at you till they have killed the last one of us!"

By and by she missed the reports of the carbines, and the sound of footsteps echoed in her ears.

"Come!" said the corporal as he lifted her up.

"Oh, Robert, and have you beaten them off?" she exclaimed.

"No. My men are all dead, and the Indians will rush us in a minute."

"And we—"

He put his arms around her waist and assisted her to the rock, on which were the remains of her breakfast. The steaming, heaving, mysterious lake was thirty feet beneath them.

"Better this than that!" he said as he pointed from the lake to a score of Indians advancing.

"Yes, better this!" she murmured as she took fast hold of him and put up her face to be kissed, and the savages stopped in their advance and shrieked and screamed their disappointment. By and by they advanced and looked down into the lake, but it had no story to tell.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Poisoning Cases.

Send for a physician at once. While waiting for his arrival give the patient an emetic—the nearest thing at hand to produce vomiting. One glass after another of plain water (lukewarm is best) until six or seven have been taken will always cause vomiting. While the patient is drinking water prepare albumen—the whites of four eggs to a quart of warm water, stirred well through the water. This solution is a chemical antidote to many poisons. Two teaspoonfuls of mustard in a coffee cup or a tumblerful of warm water makes an excellent emetic. Act rapidly and quickly and you may save a life by so doing.

PITCHING THE SPITBALL.

Collins Says There Is Only One Real Master, Ed Walsh.

In the American Magazine Eddie Collins of the Philadelphia Athletics writes about "Pitchers I Have Faced." Following is a part of what he has to say about Eddie Walsh, whom he regards as the best spitball pitcher:

"Walsh is the only real master of the spitball I know of. He was the first absolutely to perfect and control it. Most spitball pitchers are wild, and they have trouble especially to make their spitter a strike and usually have to resort to the fast one, but not Walsh. Many times I have seen him give a batter three balls and no strikes, and then three spitters would go swishing across the plate knee high, and the batter would sit down. Walsh invariably aims his spitter at one spot on a batter—namely, between the waist and the knees. I have never seen a good spitter that broke above the waist."

"Walsh was not a pitcher I dreaded to hit against, because it was never a battle of wits. You always knew what to look for—the spitter. It was sure to be in the same place—waist to shoe tops—and it was not like the spitters of some pitchers, at your head one minute and at your feet the next. In spite of this it was mighty hard to hit safely. Although there was almost a foot break on Walsh's spitball, Sullivan, who always caught him, said he could do it sitting in a rocking chair, his control was so perfect."

GOLD BRICK BUILDINGS.

Skyscrapers, New York Finds, Are Not a Paying Proposition.

In New York's skyscraper belt, where the buildings run from one to fifty-five floors, their average height is under six stories and a half. Only half a dozen skyscrapers in all the city may fairly be called beautiful, though a larger number are admirable feats of engineering.

All the more noteworthy, then, is the calculation of the secretary of New York's height of buildings commission that, allowing for depreciation, the skyscraper's investment return is but 2½ per cent. Nor does this class of edifice profit the community more than the individual. The cost in light and air is supplemented by the fact that skyscrapers burst sewers with their outflow and force the city to install a high pressure system for fire fighting.

One often hears arguments against the construction of high buildings based upon aesthetics. The most appealing argument is likely to prove that of dollars and cents. Unless an advertising proposition (which need not greatly concern us) skyscrapers don't pay. New York has found this out rather expensively. The results of the experiment are respectfully referred to all those growing cities in which, as a matter of local pride, skyscraper construction is now so earnestly proposed.—New York Tribune.

London Full of Confidence Men.

London has never before harbored so many skilled exponents of the confidence trick in all its guises than at the present time. Indeed, the invasion of foreign confidence tricksters alone has become so serious that the Scotland Yard detectives stationed in the west end are organizing a new and drastic campaign against the fraternity. An Englishman and an Irishman working together in partnership under various aliases still hold the record as the most consistently successful tricksters in London, and despite all the efforts of the police they have been making incomes believed to run into several thousands of pounds.—London Express.

Where O'Connell Fought.

Arrangements have recently been completed by which the Earl of Clonmell has disposed of his Irish estates, the transference of property including the residence of Bishops Court, traditionally the birthplace of fox hunting in Ireland, together with the extensive stud farm there, and the historic Hill of Oughterard, with its ancient and picturesque round tower. It was on this hill that the famous duel between Daniel O'Connell and D'Esterre was fought, in which O'Connell shot D'Esterre.

Smokeless Powder Visible.

An important discovery has been made by the bureau of ordnance of the navy department as a result of a series of experiments and investigations which have been conducted by order of Rear Admiral Strauss. A certain color of glass has been found to serve the purpose of rendering visible the smoke from the "smokeless" powder discharge of a rifle.—Army and Navy Register.

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The BEE Earlington, Ky

Battle of Magenta.

At the battle of Magenta in 1859, during the Italian war, the French and Sardinians defeated the Austrians at a loss to the latter of 10,000 in killed and 7,000 in prisoners, while the allies only lost 4,000. For this victory the French marshal, MacMahon, was created Duke of Magenta by the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

An Army of Dolls.

In the Paris army museum there is a "doll army," which contains 19,000 figures of soldiers about two inches high in five great cases. The arms and uniform of every military branch are represented with the utmost exactitude. The picturesque work occupies the lifetime of an old Alsatian who fought under the great Napoleon.